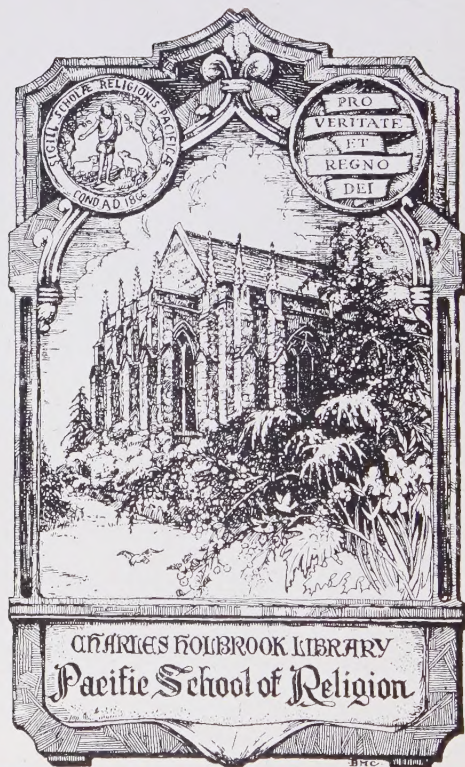


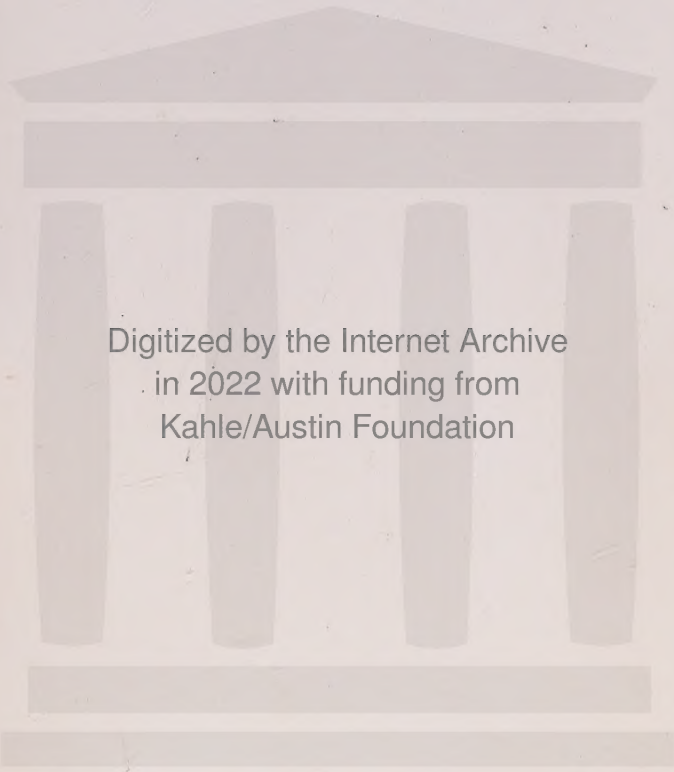
Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D. D.

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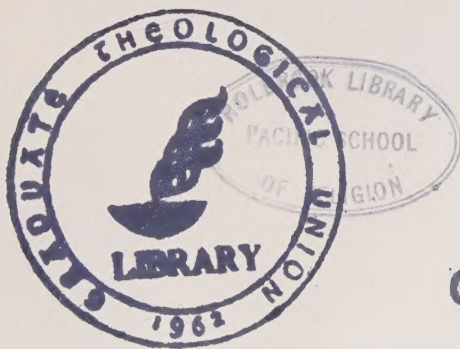


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Joseph Augustine Benton.

IN MEMORIAL.



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INTRODUCTORY.

OUR brother, in whose memory the following pages have been compiled, during the last half dozen years had been several times laid aside by rather serious attacks of sickness, but after a few weeks had rallied and resumed his work as usual. He and his friends, therefore, hoped for a similar issue, when at the opening of the Seminary term, after the Christmas recess, he was unable to take his accustomed place. The hope, too, appeared about to be realized, for after a month he did for three or four days venture to meet his classes. Though he was obliged to return to his sick-room, the hope of recovery remained. But he did not rally, and his symptoms indicated some serious disease of the liver, which the autopsy plainly showed was beyond medical relief.

Our brother retained clear possession of himself during the failing weeks, almost to the last, and, it need not be said, was calm and trustful. On the morning of April 8, 1892, he passed quietly away.

The funeral services were held on Monday, April 11, in the First Congregational Church, Oakland. "Though," said *The Pacific*, "the day was exceedingly disagreeable, there was a large gathering of ministers, pioneers, old parishioners, students, and other

friends. Rev. Professor Mooar had charge. The Scriptures were read by Professor C. S. Nash. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. J. H. Warren and S. H. Willey. It was Dr. Benton's wish that these two old friends should officiate at his funeral. We give their addresses to our readers. Professor Mooar made fitting and feeling remarks, and Rev. Dr. McLean offered prayer. The organ and choir rendered sweet music. Once more we looked upon the face of our friend. The coffin was closed, and borne away by students of the Seminary. The grave is in a beautiful spot in Mountain View cemetery. It was lined with green branches, and the coffin was covered with flowers. There we left the sleeping form of him whose soul has gone home to God."

The two memorial addresses are printed as they appeared in *The Pacific*. To the editorial notes which were printed at the same time, have been added others suggested by examination of manuscripts and other documents left by Dr. Benton.

In connection with the twenty-third anniversary of the Seminary, a special memorial service was held, Apr. 25. Rev. Dr. McLean, President of the Board of Trustees, presided, and introduced the speakers. Prayer was offered at the opening by Rev. F. B. Pullan, of San Francisco, and at the close by Rev. C. W. Hill, of Berkeley. Besides the addresses of Rev. W. H. Cooke, Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., James M. Haven, Esq., and the letter of Judge E. D. Sawyer, which

have been furnished for publication, and are printed among the Tributes from Friends, Dr. R. H. McDonald spoke of Dr. Benton as a citizen, and the Rev. John Kimball of his service as an editor.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS BY DR. J. H. WARREN.

He was a good man, and he has come to a good end. It will never be your privilege, my friends, nor mine, though we may live as many more years as we have already, to pay the tribute of our love and praise to the worth of a better man, a truer friend, a more consistent Christian, a more princely character, than our Joseph Augustine Benton. Whatever limitations he would have made as personally applicable to himself, no one who knew him will hesitate to say of him, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

He lived his allotted time. All that time he was young in heart, regnant in intellect, never old in presence or person. God spared him from those added years the strength of which is "labor and sorrow." His work, so large and varied, was done. His mission, so opulent with good to the church, the school, the commonwealth, the world, has on it today the sign and finish of success.

A few details—pertaining to the Theological Seminary—he wanted a little more time to adjust.

That was all. "He rests from his labors." They were constant, tireless, eminent,—all in cheer with duty, conscience, character. We speak what we know.

I first knew him in 1850. He came to California in July, '49, in the good ship *Edward Everett*, not in quest of Argonaut's golden fleece, but to preach the gospel—to preach and apply it as best he knew how—as best it was in his power.

He came to stay, and, staying, to build into this new land Christian life and Christian civilization of more infinite import to the church and to humanity than the vast millions of gold in the placers and mountains of the Golden State. So impelled was he to preach, that he forced his way to his work here while only a candidate approbated to preach.

It was in March, 1851, several months after having organized the First Church of Christ in Sacramento, and soon after having built a meeting-house, that he found time and opportunity for ordination by council. In the order of Congregational history on this whole Coast, it was the second council ever convened. The Rev. S. H. Willey of San Francisco, was Moderator, and Rev. J. H. Warren, then acting pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, served as Scribe. The Scribe preached the sermon, and the Moderator gave the right hand of fellowship.

So few ministers were we then of the Congrega-

tional order, the council, by its easy advantage of emergencies, called on brethren of other denominations to assist in the remaining services of the ordination; among whom were Rev. Albert Williams who made the prayer, and the Rev. M. C. Briggs, the charge.

This was notably the first Protestant ordination on this side of the continent, to match, as has been said—though we have not seen the record—the first ordination on the Atlantic side, which was also that of a Congregational minister. Forty-two years last March he was ordained. It was an event—epochal, perhaps, for California—certainly for our household of faith. The issues of that star day cannot be told or condensed into possible brevity for this occasion; nor can the largest time even do justice to his life and work.

We can dwell only on two or three illustrations of the stature and quality of this prince of Israel. One of them was his close recognition and interpretation of the “signs of the times.” He had the prevision of a seer. November 30, 1850, was the first Thanksgiving Day ever observed in California. On that occasion he preached a discourse on “California as She was, as She Is, and as She Is to Be.” Agriculture was then only being experimented upon—hardly that; yet he did say “a million of people cannot fail to thrive by cultivating this virgin soil, and in fifty years they will be here to make the demonstra-

tion. Farm houses will dot thickly every valley; * marshes will be redeemed from overflow, * arid wastes will bloom in beauty, and yield harvests of joy." Eight years more, and his fifty years will round up; but already the gold hunters have become farmers, and the prophecy is true.

He took up another parable. "The State will not fall behind the chiefest in arts, manufacturing and in commerce. With hundreds of miles of navigable bays and rivers, with 700 miles of sea coast, with earth's broadest ocean at her feet, gemmed with a thousand sea isles, and laving the shores of continents, California is to be the queen of the seas; * and within the Golden Gates are to be the docks and depots of a steam and electro-magnetic marine, of which all the steam marine that now exists is but the minutest embryo." But where were the United States cruisers, monitors and full-armed ships, that have left Hunter's Point, so many of them, these recent years, when he dreamed his dream? But we hold our breath as he sweeps his harp, and sings of other marvels of coming time.

"The iron horse," and this was in 1850, "that has drunk the waters of the Mississippi, will fly over mountain and plain and river, breathe defiance to yonder beetling cliffs and towering peaks of snow, as he dashes forward through the tunnelled depths beneath and comes thundering through our streets to slake his thirst at the Sacramento." Men

said this was poetry, and it pleased them. Who believed it? It was poetry. But are not all seers poets?

Where were the railroad builders? In that very church, though they knew it not. The world knows them now, name by name—Crockers, Hopkins, Huntington, Stanford. But when he said, "The world's center will change; this will be the land of pilgrimage, and no man will be thought to have seen the world till he has visited California," men thought, "What a brilliant dreamer?" Perhaps he was, but he had in him the reason and ken of realities which were but the "baby figures of the giant mass of things to come at large." Back of them all, and through them all, he saw the hand and spelled the thoughts of God. It was his opportunity; he grasped it; he became a master builder; he wrought to the last; he was foremost in all our first things.

In that memorable sermon he held up the example of the fathers—that as they laid the base work and planted the eastern pillars of the Republic, "so, we, on this western shore, with the same spirit, with the same lofty faith, must lay foundations so broad and so deep and of such material that humanity's loftiest and mightiest endeavor may rest securely thereon." What he told us to do he did not spare himself from doing, and his works are around us.

He was a loyal son of New England, born in Connecticut of godly parents, and, trained in their Christian and Congregational faith, he never departed from it.

In the fall of 1851 he and the speaker met by appointment, for a purpose. As a master-builder always, he there and then laid out in foundation and outline of perspective the future of our Congregational churches and their work on this coast. He was broad and catholic, and gentle as a woman in his love for Christians of whatever name; at the same time, from best convictions and a consenting heart, more than from the accident of birth, he steadfastly adhered to the "excellent way" of his Pilgrim Fathers. Constituted as he was, perhaps he could not have made the most of himself in any other form of doctrine, polity and liberty. In councils, he was a safe adviser; in our General Associations he stood eminently a leader of our host. In any religious convention when present, he was recognized and honored as one who copied no man, shibbolethed no party, knew no Master, but one—the Lord.

In the International Council, held in London last year, we had no fear, if called upon for service of debate, action or counsel, that he would be second to the chiefest of them all. We knew that everywhere our interests would be safe in his hands and our name honored. As was said of him twenty-five

years ago in our General Association, so history will say in the years to come, with growing truth and grace, "He was the father and mother" of Congregationalism in California.

But his real greatness appeared in his spirit and attitude of *a servant of the churches*—to minister to them, not to be ministered unto. Never, in its technical sense, a home missionary himself; but a more willing, faithful, sweeter-tempered home missionary never lived. It was here I knew him at his best. Sick or well, in season and out of season, he went everywhere on call; even in the early fifties, when travel was long, tiresome and expensive; and the habit never left him in later years. Up in the mines, down by the sea, in the valleys or cities, the church that asked him to preach the dedication sermon, to ordain its minister, to dismiss its pastor, adjust its troubles, was always welcome to his service, his time, his best endeavor. It is safe to say that in this order or line of special service he has taken part in over a hundred councils besides meetings of other occasions.

He was for fifteen years or more a member of our Permanent Committee of Home Missions. He wrote the best home missionary hymns—he and Dr. Stone—that have been sung for years at every anniversary of our C. H. M. S. We shall sing them again, brethren.

This man, who could inspire us with such glowing words as—

California! golden-sandaled,
 Decked in robes of living green,
 Flashing gems are in thy girdle,
 On thy brow a snowy sheen.

Bright shine thou in holy beauty,
 Hallowed thy great future be!
 Prospered in the sphere of duty,
 Church, and school, and family —

though dead, will never cease to speak.

But I must not tarry longer—only a moment, to listen once more to what he said in a notable meeting of our churches years ago. It is as if he stood before us now. The presence is life-like, and the man himself is in it:

Brethren, I am no patriarch. No whitened, frosted locks fall down upon these shoulders. No hoary beard sweeps this breast. You are, not quite all of you, younger than I am. I am almost ashamed, after these eighteen years of hard work, amid such scenes and among such populations, to stand before you so well preserved a man. Perhaps I ought to be broken down. But I am not; I owe it, in part, to the temperament and the constitution which God gave me that I am alive today. Had I been as emotional as are some, I should have taken fire, and been consumed long ago. Had I been as sluggish as are some, I should have rusted out in some obscurity, away in the past. Had I been as easily annoyed and worried as are some, my spirit would have chafed and fretted itself through my body before I had reached the eighteen-sixties. Industry and temperance have also done much for me. An equable mind and a rested heart have done me good. A disposition not to complain, and to cherish contentment, has given me help. The power of concentration, and of abstraction, such as to enable

me to forget all the world, almost at will, has been my great personal resource. To be alone with God is a blessed refuge. To bury one's self in books and studies, while human passions surge, and the storms of life beat, is often wholesome. Of course, I have been often weary, faint, disheartened, sick, sorrowful, out of patience, and ready to despair. I have been deeply pained, and sorely tried, and somewhat abused. But, through grace, I have kept my temper, my equanimity, and my faith; and so my hope has not lost wing, nor my spirit elasticity, nor my life vigor. One can survive all turbulent years, if only his visions are ravishing and sweet, and his heart is high. Be it ours, if we may, to go in the van of the army of the faithful across these broad fields of duty. Let none exceed us in endeavor, in devotion, in zeal, in ardor, and generous strife. Let us stimulate, by our example, every other Christian body; ever provoking them to emulation, while we allow none of them to take our crown.

Ah, my brother, comrade, we ought to have said to you "Well done!" oftener than we did, when you were still with us. So stalwart and true in the great contentions of the kingdom, it was due to you from us; but ere now you have forgotten our lack, for the King himself has said it to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and you have entered into his eternal joy. *It is all right now!*

ADDRESS BY REV. DR. S. H. WILLEY.

How soon this earthly life of ours passes away! And yet it does not pass away. It abides in its results and influence, and they come to their fruitage after us.

Most emphatically will this be true in the case of our friend whose form lies before us here, so still and silent today! He came to this country before it was a State, a minister of the gospel, consecrated to his work; and he has continued in that work till now the State itself has come to something like maturity, and the time of his departure from this world was at hand. The results of that life-work will more and more appear in the years to come, and will make his name familiar to generations yet unborn. He was a man of keen observation, and when our country's flag went up upon these Pacific shores, he saw what it signified.

And when the news of the discovery of gold here caused the bold and enterprising young men about him to emigrate hither, he joined a large company of them in a voyage around Cape Horn, as their preacher and religious teacher. Self-reliant and confident of the future, he turned his back on positions at the East, the choicest of which his talents and attainments would have enabled him to command, and gave himself to the cause of Christianity and learning in this then almost unknown country.

In my home in Monterey, in the spring of 1849, I saw his name in papers from the East, as a young clergyman on his way hither. It was a matter of great gladness, for there were not half a dozen Protestant clergymen in California at that time, and to have one come of his own accord, and at his own

charges, was remarkable indeed. I watched for the news of his arrival in San Francisco, and saw it noted in the papers early in July, 1849. It was soon stated that he had gone to Sacramento, which was by far the most important point needing a settled ministry at that time.

About the middle of October, of that same year, I made the journey from Monterey to San Francisco on horseback, and found that a little steamer called the *Mint* had begun to make daily trips to Sacramento and back, and I determined to embrace the opportunity to go and make the acquaintance of the newly arrived clergyman, and see what he was like. I did so, and in due time reached the landing on the Sacramento river, that has since grown to be the capital city of the State.

Inquiring my way among the cloth houses, tents and extemporized stores, I at last found Dr. Benton in a tent beneath the trees. He was wrapped in his college cloak, sitting in a rocking chair, suffering from an attack of chills and fever. It did not take us long to become, in this far-away and strange country, as familiar as old friends. We found that our views and purposes and motives were alike, and that we could at once harmonize in plans and methods of working. We compared ideas as to the most practicable ways of planting churches, beginning schools, and, as soon as possible, starting a religious newspaper.

And so we met one day as strangers, and we parted, when I left the next day, intimate friends, correspondents and co-workers, and have continued so to the end of his life.

Near the close of that year, 1849, when the rainy season was well on, his health broke utterly down, the effect, probably, of the climate, exposure, and the lack of suitable food for one in his condition.

But I do not think he ever entertained a thought of returning East and abandoning the field, even for a time. In courage, resolution, and persistence he never faltered.

He accepted, rather, a cordial invitation from myself and family to visit us in Monterey, and try what that change would do for him. He came down by sea, and when he landed he was not able to walk to my house. But the result of the change was so favorable, that within three or four weeks he was able to walk with me along the ocean shore and among the pines, by the hour.

Very pleasant, to this day, is the memory of those walks and talks, and winter-evening readings, and castle-buildings, respecting what we would attempt to do for religion and learning in the State of California, that had just formed and adopted its first constitution.

I had lately raised a good sum of money for a public library in Monterey, and many a pleasant hour we spent over publishers' catalogues, selecting

books for purchase. That library was the first collected in the State.

We talked of churches, and the possibility of beginning academies, and, by and by, a college, and of publishing a religious paper, all which would have seemed wild and impracticable enough to an ordinary business judgment. But we were planning by faith, and with the hopefulness and enthusiasm of youth, and of a new country.

When he felt that his health was restored, he returned to Sacramento and resumed his work. And there he continued it for well nigh twenty years; always successful, though encountering floods and fires that would have utterly discouraged and broken down any man with less faith and unyielding persistence than his.

Surmounting all obstacles, he built up a large and efficient church and congregation; and as a minister of the gospel he held the confidence of the community to that degree that it was, for years, very difficult for churches of the other denominations to get a foothold in Sacramento.

In the year 1851, when our religious newspaper, *The Pacific*, was established, he was by common consent chosen editor, with three others of us in San Francisco associated with him.

His resources as a writer were such that he was able to carry this additional burden, as few men could have done. His judgment was excellent, and

his treatment of important subjects discriminating and just. He made few mistakes. The character which he did more than any other one to give the paper did very much to carry it through its most trying years, and bring it to self-support. And though he has written so much for the paper, either as editor or as constant correspondent, during the more than forty years since the paper was established, he has done the work in addition to other duties, and done it almost, if not wholly, as a gratuity.

To the cause of education he gave largely of his time and attention.

He was one of the foremost in the work of founding the College of California, and of the Academy that preceded it.

To the upbuilding of these institutions he gave a great deal of time, and no inconsiderable amount of money. He believed thoroughly in Christians—especially in a new country—joining together to provide themselves a college, well equipped and adequately endowed for the higher education of youth, and at the same time pervaded by the spirit of our common Christianity.

And if the leading members of the principal denominations had continued, as at first, in the cordial support of the College of California, it would have been today, as it was for so many years, the leading literary institution in the State.

Dr. Benton was an ardent lover of college life and

college training, and always held in affectionate regard his Alma Mater, Yale. In my last interview with him but one he said to me, "I had hoped to be able to be at Commencement this year (it will be, I believe, the fiftieth anniversary of his own graduation), but since it is ordered otherwise, it is well."

Of his pastorate in Plymouth church in San Francisco, after leaving Sacramento, I cannot take time to speak; and of his very important work as senior professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary others must tell.

I will only say that, as was characteristic with him in everything he undertook, he put his very life into it. He made it his personal care,—not only teaching its classes, but often spending time which he sorely need for recreation in looking after its conveniences, comforts, and adornments. His large influence with men and women of means enabled him to draw very large sums of money to its endowment. His views, as a teacher of theology, were clear-cut and well defined, and he had little patience with the modern popular speculations that confused so many.

But his work is done. He is no longer here. His Saviour came and took him to Himself, to be with him where He is—to behold his glory. He has joined that goodly company, among whom are so many who were his fellow-workers here in the early years, such as Lacy of precious memory, and Day and Billings and Brayton, and so many others that the majority has come to be there.

The type of his feelings and aspirations in his latest hours is strikingly indicated by a hymn which was his favorite.

On Sabbath, a week ago, a member of his family sitting by him mentioned, in conversation, her favorite hymn. He said, "My favorite is a different one, and one not so familiarly known"; and, asking for his spectacles, and taking the book, he found it. The hymn is as follows:

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power —

Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline —

Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved;
I shall see whom unseen I adored!

And then nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose."

MEMORANDA OF FACTS AND TRAITS.

BY PROF. GEORGE MOOAR.

Principal Dates.—Born May 7, 1818, at Guilford, Ct., removed to New York 1828; at Geneva, N. Y., fitting for college, 1836-8; graduated at Yale, 1842; Principal of Brainerd Academy, Haddam, Ct.; Yale Theological Seminary, 1846; Acting Pastor, South Malden (Everett), Mass., 1847-8; Assistant Minister on ship Edward Everett, Jan.-July, 1849; reached San Francisco July 6, 1849; preached the sermon at installation of Rev. T. D. Hunt, San Francisco, first Congregational Council in California, June 26, 1850; ordained at Sacramento Mar. 5, 1851, second Council in the State; made trip round the World, 1859-60; dismissed from Sacramento Church Feb. 28, 1863; Pastor 2d Church (now Plymouth), San Francisco, 1863-69; Prof. Biblical Literature, Pacific Theological Seminary, 1869-91, and also of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, 1869-84, and 1890; Coleman Professor of Apologetics and the Relations of Christianity to Science, 1892; received from Yale degree S. T. D., 1870; Associate Preacher in Plymouth Avenue Church, Oakland, 1874-7; member of the International Council of Congregational Churches, London, 1891; died Apr. 8, 1892.

The Rev. Joseph A. Benton and Miss Frances A., daughter of Enos and Almerine Bigelow Sargent, of Sacramento county, formerly of Randolph, Washington county, Vermont, were married July 7, 1863, in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, by the Rev. Edward S. Lacy, assisted by the Rev. Samuel H. Willey and the Rev. John Eliot Benton.

Lineage and Inheritance.—That is a beautiful trait which reveals itself in the journal of Dr. Benton, that from the early to the later pages he kept and registered the memory of his mother. She died shortly after his tenth year, and one will find as the date of July 26th returns some such note as this: "Yesterday, seventeen years, my dear and now blessed mother ceased from her earthly labors." So, later, in the midst of the busy months at Sacramento, in 1851:—"Just twenty-three years since my mother went to heaven!"

This mother was Fanny Ledyard, daughter of John and Experience (Hempsted) Eliot, of Guilford, Conn. The line of descent from Rev. John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," was through Rev. Joseph, of Guilford, Rev. Jared, D.D. and M.D., of Killingworth, now Clinton, Ct., and Mr. John, who was a farmer in Guilford, and a member, fourteen sessions, of the General Assembly of his State.

And if one could have his choice from whom to claim Puritan descent, it would be difficult to select

a worthier. For it was of the first Eliot named that Richard Baxter said: "There was no man on earth whom I honored above him." Four of his sons were graduates of Harvard, and three of them were ministers of the gospel; and this apostolic succession continues to this day. Our brother's life was, year after year, invigorated by the thought of her who had early passed from his boyhood's sight. On the side of his father, Daniel Benton, he was of the same New England stock and principle. Nor did the father degenerate from it on removing in 1828 his household into Steuben Co., N. Y. At Pultney, the new family home, there was then only a Baptist church. In order to enjoy the privilege of fellowship, we are told, this head of a Congregational household was immersed, and remained a loyal communicant and helper until changes of population justified the organization of a Presbyterian Church. It was by letter from the latter that the son, Joseph, was admitted to the church in Yale College. One at least of his brothers became an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Before the removal from Connecticut there had been born into that family the old ideal number of twelve children. One Sabbath after Joseph had left home for college he heard a sermon on family government, and he jotted down in his journal this word of thanks—"that my own training was so little defective." We sometimes hear the strictly trained, or at least some who say

they were strictly trained, looking back to the Sabbath as a weariness. It was not so with this son, for on another Lord's day he makes this entry: "Long, sunny, quiet Sabbaths which I remember in early childhood. Oh, what associations of remembrance cluster round the Sabbaths of a child whose parents have kept the vows they made at his baptism!" How glad this mother and this son must be to greet each other, after these sixty-four years of life's discipline have separated and yet united them!

Persistency of Character.—We have no idea that all that was distinguishing in our friend's character was simple repetition of his most eminent ancestor. But it is, at least, interesting that one should read at the end of one of Eliot's laborious literary works, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything." That certainly was the underlying tone of Dr. Benton's career. His persistence was something which might be called genius. The writer of this was much impressed with this quality in him, on hearing from him a paper entitled "Losing Grip." That paper was written at about the period of life which some have called the dead line. The very term was an offense to him; for him the word would rather be, Never say die! There were long years and debts before him in the path to his education. When he was seventeen he taught

school in Hector, N. Y. He was then in the Geneva Lyceum. He was extraordinarily careful as to his expenses. He kept then and preserved through his whole course of study a minute account of his pecuniary affairs. His average yearly outgoes in college were \$263.06 $\frac{1}{4}$. He received aid from friends, which he felt morally bound to return when able.

He made it a special point to preserve health by reasonable habits and precautions. His was a genuine Christian science of living, and of living as long and as vigorously as possible. During the last three years, several seasons of illness admonished him. Yet we find him writing to his Yale class secretary as late as April, 1890, "So far as I can perceive I am not failing much in any of my faculties. One week I read 'Kant's Critique' of pure reason, to see if I was losing my head, and judged I was not. * * Still I do not know as I shall live long enough to see any years of real leisure, when I can write out the history we have been making."

It was not without solicitude that we saw him planning to attend the International Council last summer. Yet he had the courage of it. He even had serious hope of giving a kind of finish to his earlier travels by visiting Russia and the Scandinavian lands, and pleased himself with the thought of looking about him at the North Cape! Nor could a stranger meeting him have thought his hope rash.

For the *London Independent*, in its notice of his death, observed: "His erect, well-preserved frame, his eyes twinkling with fun, and his exuberant vitality of speech led us little to expect his early demise. We could hardly have believed that he was 73." One reason why he clung so to the last threads of life was that he meant to accomplish plans he had cherished for the Seminary. It had lived through small things and dark days. It had lived largely because he said it must, and because he had made others think it must. For his persistency had enlisted the benefactions of many. He thought that if he could live a little longer, those benefactions would be greater still.

His Ideality.—But this persistency was not a mere dull grind in life's mill. He could, if need be, put himself down even to that. He records on ship-board one day: "Turned the grindstone power a short time," and he picked his share of oakum with the rest. He chose to do muscular labors, shrinking not from what is called drudgery. Thus for a year or more, in addition to all his other cares, he assumed the details of purchase and supervision for the Academy. About his own premises, he would be found as the man of all work. He toiled in his garden. But then his garden had beautiful water-lilies, such as most people living on a California hilltop would despair of bringing to bloom. I see

him now, bringing across our grounds his basket of kindling wood, and stopping to pick up some stray sticks that littered the path. He was an orderly soul, and he was continually doing the small things that make the world orderly. He would do them even when it was the business of others to do them. But if he swept a room, that a student might have swept, there was some ideal element that relieved the drudgery—often that element was a vein of humor. He could see, and rather cultivated the habit of seeing, in any topic or event, in any word or phrase that came up, an odd side that might surprise others and provoke a smile. He did not disdain to pun; on the contrary, he was quite ready for it.

In one of his literary addresses he insists that we “have need of poetry and charms. The world is a humdrum place without it. If we can enter an ideal realm at will, peopled with fair creations, and alive with beautiful forms, we may bid the dull world good-day.” The best literature was his refreshment. The resounding sentences of Milton’s prose lived in echo in his heart. If he perceived the mischief there is in words, he was alive to the beauty of them. Often he joined the goodly nouns together, making them march by as if in shining uniforms. He has no small sense of poetic form. At the celebration of the Fourth on the ship he read a poem. Frequently he felt moved, or was much importuned, to express

the sentiment of an occasion in verse. He composed hymns which have been sung again and again. The very last year of his life he wrote one for a Society of Christian Endeavor. He liked oratory, too. In college he had been wont to hear the pulpit rhetoric of the Rev. Dr. Fitch, and he could never define, or allow his students to define, a sermon as talk.

Once, as he read in Association one of his own discourses for criticism, a brother suggested that it was rather "tony." That was because such evident pains had been taken with the style and finish. He was patient of detail, because else some pattern he had seen in the mount would be marred. Yet his manuscripts show surprisingly few erasures or additions. His thoughts clothed themselves readily in fitting phrase. Of course, he was not able to finish everything he did in the high and fine way. But the high and fine way was always inspiring his endeavor.

As Journalist.—The death of Dr. Joseph A. Benton severs a connection with *The Pacific* which has been almost uninterrupted for the whole period of its existence. In 1859, when the paper published his farewell sermon, delivered to his congregation before he left for an eighteen months' journey round the world, it was stated in these columns that "he was the pioneer editor of this paper; he gave it its name, chose its motto, wrote the very first article ever written for it, and for four years made up the

annual retrospective and prospective leaders." Even when he was not writing leaders, he was a regular correspondent from the capital. One would look far to find a more valuable series of letters of foreign travel than those which appeared in 1859-1860. In 1863, on his removal to this city, he became again one of the appointed editors, and continued ever after to co-operate in the conduct of the paper. In 1867-'68 he was in sole charge. In the summer of 1868, when he had ventured to take a brief outing, he is credited by the hand that was left to fill his place with having "preached fifty-eight successive Sundays, having during thirty-eight weeks had the entire charge of the paper, preparing at least four columns of editorial writing each week." Subsequently, especially after 1870, the general direction of the paper was shared more fully by his partner in seminary work, and the details became less onerous, as so many of them were assumed by those in the office. When it is remembered that he who wrote his shrewd and pithy observations was a man of many kinds of other work all the week long, it may be surely claimed that volunteer and gratuitous labor of this sort, for now nearly forty-one years, merits a large measure of gratitude, and calls for not a little of admiration.

Literary Products.—Among the earliest products of Dr. Benton's pen which were printed, was "The

California Pilgrim." It originated in a course of lectures delivered in 1851, at Sacramento, the publication of which was solicited by the hearers. It is a volume of 261 pages, and has illustrations. Printed in 1852, and in the city where the lectures were delivered, it is interesting, as among the very first books of California literature. It is conceived after the manner of Bunyan, and portrays, with much of his skill, the characters of that pioneer day. The names applied to the characters have often the felicity and aptness which the world admires in the pen of the original dreamer. The large outlook of Dr. Benton appears in the oration, "Problems of Empire," delivered before the College of California in 1868. Among the poetical effusions which found their way to print were "The Sacramento Valley," read before the Pioneers in 1855; "The Republic of Letters," given at commencement of the College in 1858; a second poem before the Pioneers in 1888, entitled "The Retrospect," and a third, in 1891, called "The All-Round Man." In 1862, July 4th, he uttered in metre his patriotic outburst, "Gone, gone, is the Great Republic"; and at the 20th anniversary of the General Association he read some lines, as also at the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker. He was very observant of historic and patriotic anniversaries, and prepared himself for them.

He was inventive of variety in the treatment of

topics generally, and especially in the construction of a series of discourses. Thus, a course of lectures delivered in 1856 received emphatic appreciation, as appears in a gift of a handsome purse containing \$300 from sixty-four young men, who thus showed, they said, their estimate of him as a gentleman, as a clergyman and as a friend. At the head of these signatures was the name of one who afterwards rose to the governorship of the State, and became also United States Senator. Referring to this aptness in serial preaching, we note that at the close of his six months' voyage hither in 1849 he records that he has just finished the exposition of the Epistle of James. In the earlier years of his ministry he often preached from carefully prepared but brief outlines. But the greater part of his discourses were thoroughly written out. They were preserved, duly numbered; the highest number I have observed is 726. Several of these were printed in the Sacramento *Union* and in *The Pacific*. One may be specially remarked, as it also appeared in a pamphlet in the stormy days of 1856, entitled "Vigilance and Reform."

The Comprehensive Teacher.—It has been said that there is a class of men who know everything about some one thing, and another class that know a little about many things. Dr. Benton belonged to the latter class, only the little he knew in each case was

a good deal. He had no time to be a specialist,—few Californians of the patriarchal period have had time to be such. When he was summoned to give theological instruction, he was finishing fifty years. The number of ministers who can be found at that time of life ready and competent to assume at once the minute direction of young men in the several lines of Biblical investigation is small. The Professor who in the earlier years, besides editing a paper had to teach at least four departments of theology which, elsewhere, are taught by more than four different men, we may not be forward to class as an expert in each of them. Still, he may have the greater breadth and the fuller vision. At least, in this case it was neither a mere recluse, nor a clever but rusty clergyman, that was called to this comprehensive service, but one who had kept remarkably fresh and sharp his scholarly tastes and his knowledge of books, while in close contact with living men in the time and place of intense secular activity. Fortunate, indeed, will the Seminary be, if it can at once summon to the vacant chair one who will, even in generous learning, keep to his level. But where is the other man who can place as large a life, and place it as fully, at our service?

The Ideal Pioneer.—He was a Pioneer of the ideal type. Mention is made elsewhere of his coming with a trading and mining company. In a commu-

nication prepared several years ago, Mr. William H. Thoms gives the following account of that enterprise: "In November, 1848, in the midst of the excitement (following on the reported discovery of gold) the bright idea flashed through the mind of some person that a large company could be formed, a ship bought and stocked with provisions, and that gold digging could be made a matter of science by the aid of wisdom and well-directed endeavor; and that a strong force could keep the wealth which would be unearthed better than a small one. A dozen young men, imbued with the idea, met in Exchange Street one afternoon, and with high hopes of a rich future, and with no great expectations of more than a comfortable living if we remained in Massachusetts, determined to form a company, the number to be limited to 150, and the assessments for each individual to be \$300; a large sum in those days, and some of us had difficulty in raising that amount. We had no trouble in finding recruits; they came from all sections of the New England States, and from New York and other portions of the country. We had more offers than we could accommodate, and when our list was full a Board of Directors was chosen, and then the good, noble ship Edward Everett was purchased for \$30,000, and mortgaged for \$15,000, leaving us \$30,000 to be expended in provisions, a steam engine, lumber, brick and so forth. Captain Henry Smith was chosen

captain and president of the company, and the directors immediately proceeded to fit the vessel for sea, the whole of the between decks being reserved for the passengers and owners; three tiers of berths being built on both sides of the vessel from the sail room aft to the chain lockers forward; and very comfortable berths they were, as the ship was eight feet between decks, with three wide hatchways, thus giving plenty of light and air at all times except during the most severe cold weather off Cape Horn, when we had to close our booby hatches to keep out the water that came on deck by the ton."

Mr. Thoms speaks of the interest excited by this company, as shown in the fact that Rev. Mr. Kirk one Sunday evening delivered a special discourse, and Dr. Abbe, whose two sons were members of the company, gave each one a Bible, and Pres. Everett made a present of one hundred volumes for the library. It appears that the company was made up of all the various trades and callings of life. What particular inducement led the scholar and young preacher to join his fortunes, we are not told. He had been for several months serving a new religious society a few miles up the Mystic river from the Boston Harbor, and had seen it organized into a church. No doubt the blood of the old emigration that planted the towns along that river became warm in his veins. His prophetic soul saw then the California that was to be. He has preserved in his careful hand, without erasure or blot, a daily record

of what took place on the six months' voyage. Besides his Sabbath service he served as librarian, and we may be sure that he contributed his share to the *Barometer or Gold Hunter's Log*, while he took his turn at the outlay of watch-care and labor which devolved on each member of the corporation.

This minister, therefore, came to identify himself with the builders of the new State, and threw his lot right in with the mass. That close identification remained ever. He never stood, scholar and clergyman though he was, apart from the rest of the Pioneers. He joined their Society, attended its meetings, was chosen at one time President, held before it high ideals of character in speech and verse; even at seventy years walked with it the hard streets of San Francisco in its procession, and again and again noticed in fitting memorial the deaths of them that passed away, and often officiated at the funeral services of these founders of a commonwealth. Many of these men were very different from their chaplain in habits and opinions, but what Mr. Thoms said was true of him on the voyage continued true of him to the end: "The Rev. Mr. Benton was well liked, and was a good and sincere Christian."

First Year in Sacramento.—Some items are noted by Dr. Benton in his diary which are not noted, or not so exactly, in other reminiscences of his early experiences in California. His first sermon here was to the congregation gathered by Rev. Albert

Williams in San Francisco, July 8, 1849, at which he says "forty or more" were in attendance. At the second service he preached for Rev. T. D. Hunt, and the little building "was fairly full." The next Sunday he was at Sacramento, but he heard a Methodist minister, Roberts, all day; and on July 22d he extemporized "at the Grove" in the afternoon. In the confusion incident to the disbanding of the Edward Everett company, July 29 or Aug. 5, he held no service in the morning, but sat by himself and wrote a hymn; in the afternoon he gave a farewell, and notes "tearful attention." Returning to Sacramento, he began services Aug. 12, at the "Mechanical Shed." His services were interrupted by severe sickness. Nov. 25 he officiated on "Front St., No. 5, a new, unfinished store." Dec. 9 he remarks: "My faithful girls came to S. S. They were almost alone." On resuming work in January, '50. and for about a year, the place of worship is variously described, "Tent on M St.," "Cor. 6th and G Sts.," "Store opposite," "New store J St.," "New hall," "Hall of Sons of Temperance," "Hall over the river," "On the levee"; but Oct. 6, 1850, the sermon for the dedication of the church was delivered. "New parsonage with much pleasure and trouble" had been mentioned June 21st. There is record of twelve funerals in Oct. and twelve in Nov. He kept "a small school" from Oct. 15 to Nov. 15. He speaks of Prof. Shepherd calling on him Aug. 26, "after Sunday School." A prayer meeting was commenced Sept. 9.

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS.

FROM PRES. MARTIN KELLOGG.

Nearly twenty years ago, when President Gilman suggested the formation of the Berkeley Club, Dr. Benton was one of the first of those whose co-operation was invited. His membership in the Club continued to the time of his death. From the outset he was one of its most valued members. When it came his turn to read the paper of the evening, we were sure of something well worth attention. His thoughts ran in no narrow professional lines. He was remarkably well informed on all the questions of the day, whether they were speculative or practical, social, political, educational, philosophical, or theological. He was armed at more points, perhaps, than any other member of the Club. His treatment of a subject was direct, clear, broad, logical, and comprehensible. His themes took a wide range, and were always "to edification."

But in such a company the leading paper is not the sole test of intellectual ability and scholarly culture. These are quite as much displayed in the five minutes' criticisms on the papers of other men. The limit of time is discouraging to a long-winded or ef-

fusive man; it is stimulating to one of concentrated power. Here Dr. Benton shone with a real luster. His style was always concise, his thoughts pertinent, his illustrations luminous. He could pack a great deal into his five minutes' budget. Sometimes a single sharp sentence, a deft stroke of humor, a glowing word of protest, would pierce the shield of the careful essayist. It need not be said that on all the great ethical questions he was at once conservative and appreciative of opposite opinions. He stood on what he deemed solid ground, but he did not fret if others sought footing elsewhere. A ripe scholar, a trained thinker, he was ever the courteous Christian gentleman.

I have long cherished an admiration for Dr. Benton as a rare and most desirable type of a teacher and leader. His evenness of temper was worthy of all imitation. The great things of life were uppermost in his thoughts; the little things did not much trouble him. If the cause of truth and righteousness could be served, he was willing to bear personal buffeting. He was a cool man, but not a cold one. Some of us recall a few occasions when his feelings were stirred to a white heat, and his words glowed like a furnace. We always knew that under his calm exterior there was a wealth of emotion which made him a man of power,—a reserved force which is a necessity to every leader of men, a charm to every follower.

FROM DR. R. H. M'DONALD.

I desire to say a few words about my old friend, and for many years my pastor in the city of Sacramento—the late Rev. J. A. Benton, D.D. We arrived in California about the same time; he by the ship *Edward Everett*, reaching San Francisco July 6th, and I across the plains by pack mules on July 18th, '49.

We first met on the corner of Fourth and J streets, Sacramento, in front of a small blacksmith shop covered with blue cotton drilling, before which was a broken-down wagon left there for repairs, the tongue and hounds of which were used for a pulpit; on them, the Bible and hymn-book were placed, and here I heard Mr. Benton preach, on the 28th day of August, 1849. Whether it was his first sermon in California or not, I cannot say.

Quite a little congregation gathered around, joined in the singing, and listened attentively to all the religious exercises, and I think enjoyed them quite as much as if they had been at their old homes. Most of the congregation stood up during the services; a few sat on the ground; some were on the limbs of a felled tree near by. There was but one woman present, as there were few women on this coast at that time.

Very soon he collected around him such as he

could get to join him in looking up a place where religious services could be held, and here and there worship was carried on, when a place could be found; but very soon a lot was secured, and a neat, good-sized frame church was erected upon it, and organized. Not long after he was preaching to a good-sized, growing congregation, and doing an excellent work.

On the 2d of November, 1852, that great devastating fire in Sacramento consumed nearly the entire city, the church included. Very soon thereafter another larger and better lot was secured, on the opposite side of Sixth street, between I and J streets, and a brick church was commenced, costing about \$65,000, every dollar of which was paid within two years, as were all other debts of the church, leaving \$160 in the treasury.

This was the largest church or hall for public assemblies in the city. Mr. Benton continued his pastorate in this church until the year 1863, when he resigned, to become the pastor of Plymouth church in San Francisco.

He was always a close, hard-working student. Though liberal, broad-minded, and generous to all who might differ with him in his views, he never would surrender principle for policy. He was one of those lovable characters, and true to his friends and the cause he represented. I don't think I ever knew a more conscientious, earnest Christian gen-

tleman than Mr. Benton; few, if any, have been of more solid service in the building up of this coast than he.

I am not entitled to much credit for what I did in church work in the early days of California, for the reason that my wife was a charter and working member of his church, and she literally put me through in this work, and I could not help myself.

In 1851 Mr. Benton performed the marriage ceremony between my wife and myself. There was a double wedding; Mr. Cameron E. Thom and Miss Elizabeth Beach stood up with us, and were married in the church at the same time. Mr. Thom is now living in Los Angeles, has twice been elected Mayor of that city, and is one of the leading lawyers and most highly esteemed citizens there.

Mr. Benton baptized all my children, and has been largely our spiritual adviser through these many years.

During the unfortunate and dark days of our Civil War in 1861, Mr. Benton's church and congregation was the main rallying point in Sacramento for patriotic men and women, where hundreds of packages of clothing and all kinds of bandages for the wounded were made up, and sent to the fields of battle for the soldiers' use. This was done under the auspices and direction of the Christian Association, and thousands of dollars were also collected and sent to the proper persons for the benefit of the army.

Mr. Benton was granted leave of absence by his church to make a tour around the world, which he did in company with Joseph A. Donohoe, banker of this city, and Mr. Edgar Mills of Sacramento. His able and interesting letters, while on the journey, were published in nearly all the papers of this State, and were a feast of knowledge to most of his readers.

Mr. Benton was one of the first of the organizers of the Pioneer Society of this Coast, and one of its most liberal and ardent supporters up to his death. We could go on endlessly with the history of this man's good and useful works. He has gone from us. We call it passed away, for the want of a better name. He is not dead. He has merely passed the doorway to heaven, leaving the old, painful, diseased body behind, with all its infirmities, to trouble him no more. His lamp was in his hand, trimmed and burning, and lighted his way up to his Father's throne, where it is one eternal Now. He heard the voice of his God saying, "Come up higher; thou hast been my faithful steward."

I do not say good-bye to my dear friend, but reserve my greetings for the good morning with which I shall meet him, when we come together in the presence of our Father in heaven.

Mr. Benton's life has been contemporaneous with the history of the life and growth of this State. He has seen its beginnings, and has worked, assisted and rejoiced at its growth; and I doubt not that he

has manuscript memoirs of this state and coast that would prove as interesting and instructive as any that have been thus far published. He was one of the originators of the College of California, which was merged into what is now the University of California; and was also one of the prime movers and trustees that organized the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylum in Berkeley.

When the great struggle, so tremendous and dangerous, was made in the early days of California to suppress the public schools, his pen and pulpit gave forth no uncertain sounds on that subject, and showed him a steadfast and able supporter. He was a close observer of men and things. He had one of those well-balanced, strong, discriminating minds, and understood the ground in detail over which he traveled.

The last public act of his life was attending, in London, Eng., last year, the International Congregational Congress, and he made one of the most effective and influential addresses before that large and intelligent body. His whole life has been one mainly devoted to the best interests of this State, and to the promulgation and building up of the Christian Church, to which the whole efforts of his life were consecrated.

FROM MR. A. C. SWEETZER.

[Mr. Sweetzer is the only survivor of the original members of the Sacramento church.]

I send you a few items of our dear brother's early ministry in California. He was preaching at a church in Malden, Mass., when, in the winter of 1849, the Edward Everett Company was formed, which purchased the ship *Edward Everett*. Dr. Benton joined the company as their chaplain, and held religious services during the voyage. That being the first company that sailed from Boston (150 men), it created considerable interest; and the company, by invitation, attended Mt. Vernon church the Sunday evening before the ship sailed, and Dr. Kirk preached, and appropriate services were held. A Bible was presented to them.

On their arrival in San Francisco the company broke up, and Dr. Benton worked his way to Sacramento, and arrived there July, 1849. He commenced preaching at once, I have been told, in a blacksmith shop, and then under the large oak trees near the corner of Third and K streets; thence in a large canvas tent. I am of the impression that it was the last Sunday evening in September that a very interesting prayer meeting was held in the building occupied by him and Professor Shepherd, at the close of

which he formally organized the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, under the name of the "First Church of Christ in Sacramento." In August, 1849, he and Professor Shepherd organized the first Sunday School of four white children, being all the white children in Sacramento then.

His health becoming impaired in the winter, he went to Monterey to recruit, and he returned to Sacramento in March, 1850, called together some five or six of us on the lot that we had purchased for a church, and laid plans for a permanent place of worship. He said if we would provide a place to preach in, and give him enough to pay for his bread and butter, he would do the work that he came to do. He preached regularly every Sunday, in such vacant buildings as we could get permission to occupy for a while; after that, in the third story of a building until we built the church—nearly opposite our present one—which was burned in 1854. We erected a cottage on the rear of the church lot, which he occupied, and he received the Sunday collections for his salary until he was ordained as pastor, after which we paid him \$3,000 and the use of the cottage.

But in consequence of heavy losses by the members from fire and floods he voluntarily relinquished a part of his salary; and he always contributed to any good cause. The landlady of a large boarding-house said that when he visited the sick he not only administered to them spiritually, but if needy

or poor would give them money for their temporal relief. He let not his left hand know what his right hand did. He early became interested in the cause of temperance, and every good and noble work. His whole aim, while with us, was to build and advance the Church of Christ; and many a tear was shed when he left Sacramento. And the Council, when convened, based their decision on the importance of the field to which he was called.

BY DAVID HEWES, ESQ.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to add a word of interest and fact, in relation to the early history of the First Congregational Church in Sacramento, which was organized under the care of our beloved friend, Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton.

In 1850, forty-two years ago this April, I entered upon active mercantile life in Sacramento. My store was the depository of the California Bible Society, established by Rev. Fred Buel, the noble and zealous agent. The first gospel sermon I heard preached was under a sycamore tree. It was from the warm heart and eloquent lips of our beloved Dr. Benton. At that time Sacramento had neither church nor school-building. Theatres and saloons for public gambling were being erected when Dr. Benton made an appeal through the press, of which

G. K. Fitch was editor, for a church building. Following this, it became my privilege to solicit subscriptions (the list of which I now have) for this purpose, and quickly and generously did all classes respond; and with the money thus raised I went to San Francisco, and, fortunately, found a hard-wood frame of a church building, which had been shipped here from Australia. This I purchased and took to Sacramento, and a fine church was erected and paid for, opened Sept. 29th, and dedicated Oct. 6th, 1850. A corner-stone was laid, holding a box containing the history of the church, daily papers, etc. The church was located on Sixth street, between I and J streets. In the rear we built our beloved pastor a comfortable study. The church soon gathered a fine Sabbath-school and congregation, and had a fine library which I presented, having brought it with me from Boston, in 1849.

This church grew and prospered under the wise hand and able ministrations of its beloved pastor, whom we all so much mourn; but some who yet live rejoice that we were privileged to sit under his preaching, and to have some share in his early labors of love and good works.

Among those who were Dr. Benton's parishioners, co-laborers and warm friends, and who with him have helped to realize the fulfillment of his prophecy along the lines of religious, educational and physical development of this Coast, may be mentioned

Governor Stanford, Chas. Crocker, C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, D. O. and Edgar Mills, and R. H. McDonald. Some of these are among those who, today, have said farewell to their pioneer pastor, honored friend, and co-laborer in all and every good work.

FROM DR. JAMES GALLUP.

The following reminiscences were written to the *S. S. World*, Philadelphia, by Dr. James Gallup, of Grand Rapids, Mich. They were written a short time before he heard of the death of his early friend.

"From the summer of 1849 to that of 1853 I lived in California, spending much of the time in Sacramento City. During the summer of 1849 the population of that city swelled to several thousands, composed almost wholly of men with no homes or churches, but everything in a very confused and unsettled condition. Under these circumstances I thought there ought to be some kind of religious public worship on the Sabbath; and with this end in view I succeeded in getting some show bills printed, which I posted on trees and buildings, announcing an open air religious service for the following Sunday, under the large trees standing where now you find the prominent business thoroughfare known as 'K street.' Then, having met a young clergyman—Rev. J. A. Benton, who had come out there

as chaplain of a large organized company from Boston, in the splendid ship Edward Everett, which they had purchased for that purpose—I obtained his ready promise to be present. And when the time arrived a vast multitude had assembled, wearing the miner's dress generally, and that young man preached the first sermon ever publicly announced and heard in that city. The next Sunday I secured a Methodist minister formerly from Baltimore, Md., to fill the place, and so the meetings were continued during the remainder of the season.

“By the following spring and summer a few families had arrived from the East, and, believing something might be started in the Sunday School line, I secured the co-operation of a few noble boys, who had formerly been connected with some eastern Sunday Schools, and they undertook and accomplished the work of finding and bringing together on the following Sunday, at an unfinished building on J street which I had secured for the purpose, twenty-one children, who made up just about the entire child population of the city at that time. With this company of children and four adults, in the unfinished store, with rough boards for seats and a carpenter's bench for a desk, that first permanent Sunday School was organized, which proved to be the nucleus of the first church organized there the same year, called at first the “First Church of Christ,” and in later years the “First Congregational Church

of Sacramento City.” During the same season a church edifice was erected on the west side of Sixth street, between I and J streets; Mr. David Hewes, (who is still living, I think, in the state of his adoption,) being largely instrumental in raising the required means, and in purchasing in San Francisco a strong frame for the building which, I have the impression, came originally — strange to say — from Australia. In this new church we were soon installed, both church and Sunday School, and I am proud to be able to say, that from that early day down to the present both have maintained an enviable place as leading organizations among the churches and Sunday Schools of that flourishing city. For a long term of years, from its first organization, that church had for its able leader and pastor the same Mr. Benton to whom I have already referred, and who now fills an important position in the Theological Seminary at Oakland, in that state, and a very warm place in the hearts of all who have known him.

“Now, what I particularly wanted to say is this, — that I was not only honored with an official position in that church in its early experience, but that I was also the superintendent of that now grand Sunday School during those early days of its history, having among my valuable teachers and helpers Mr. A. Sweetser, who has continued his faithful labors in the same Sunday School and church down

to the present time. God bless him. Now it was that Sunday School which furnished the thirty dollars, and procured through your agent, then at San Francisco, the certificate which constituted me a life member of the "American Sunday School Union." I need hardly say to you that I prize very highly that certificate, which bears the signature of John McLean as president, and Frank W. Porter as corresponding secretary, and specifies the source from which the money came.

"In the years that have intervened since that time I have had a very active part in church and Sunday School work, holding official positions in some strong churches, and that of superintendent in some large Sunday Schools, and of State Secretary, etc.; but to no part of my experience do I look back with greater interest than to that which I was permitted to have with that first Sunday School and church in Sacramento City. I have also had an intimate acquaintance and precious relations with many faithful ministers of the Gospel, and with some very dear pastors; but for none have I ever cherished a deeper or more abiding love than for the noble man and pastor who, during those early and crucial years, labored so faithfully and so intelligently for the cause of Christ in that new city and wonderful State."

FROM C. H. EBERLE, EDITOR OF THE DOWNEY CHAMPION.

We knew Dr. Benton well, having made the voyage to California in the same ship. * * * The editor of this journal, then a lad in his early teens, was enrolled on the ship's books as one of the crew through the influence of the commander of the ship, Capt. Smith, who was an intimate friend of the writer's family, and under whose protection we were permitted by our parents to make the voyage.

We remember Dr. Benton well; a sedate, scholarly man, deeply engaged in study during the voyage, extremely neat in his personal appearance and attentive to his toilet, while his associates were inclined to be somewhat negligent in this respect. * *

We recall one little incident of the voyage. We were nearing San Francisco. On the evening before the Fourth of July the writer took his allotted station amidships as one of the starboard watch, on duty from 8 o'clock P. M. till midnight. Near the writer's post of duty was the large water butt, that was filled from the casks in the hold for daily consumption. On taking my post that evening, my orders were: "Allow no one to take water from the cask except to drink on the spot. The ship's supply is short."

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the ship was bowling along under full speed of canvas.

About the usual bedtime, as was his custom, Dr. Benton came on deck with his big tin vessel, which he had heretofore regularly filled with fresh water to take below for his morning's toilet. Filling his measure, he started for the gangway.

"Doctor," said I, "I have orders to allow no water to be taken away from this cask."

Turning around, he asked, "Are those your orders?"

"They are."

"Then I obey them."

With an expression of curious inquiry he returned the water to the cask and went below.

FROM W. C. BARTLETT, ESQ.

In the San Francisco *Bulletin* of April 9th appeared the following editorial, under the heading "Death of an Eminent Divine":

Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., died at his residence in Oakland, Friday. The deceased had been a prominent citizen of the State for nearly forty-three years. * * * He was among the first two or three ministers to reach the coast by way of Cape Horn.

Dr. Benton went immediately to Sacramento, and began his ministerial work in that place. He preached on the first Sunday from a wagon, that

being the most eligible pulpit the young preacher could find at that time. A dry-goods box served as a pulpit for many successive Sundays, in a town made up largely of tents and a few board houses. He came as a preacher, and he was not to be turned aside by any other business. He gathered the first congregation for religious worship in that town. It is related by a pioneer newspaper publisher of Sacramento, that early in 1850 a young man came to his office with a communication, the substance of which was that as the citizens had already provided for a theater, would it not now be a good thing to provide an edifice for religious worship? That was probably one of the first public calls which the young minister made for aid. In a short time a church edifice was erected, which afterward gave place to the large brick edifice which for many years was the most commodious audience-room in that city.

Dr. Benton prosecuted his work in Sacramento City until 1859, when, with two other citizens, he made the voyage around the world. Returning, he soon afterward became the pastor of the Second Congregational Church, on Taylor street, in this city, now the Plymouth Church. His pastorate continued for about six years, when the Pacific Theological Seminary having been founded, he was elected Senior Professor in that institution. For some time the classes met in the Brannan building, on Montgomery street. The seminary was after-

ward established at Oakland. Dr. Benton held that office up to the time of his death. Other distinguished scholars had been called to the several chairs, until four professorships were founded. Dr. Benton gave instruction at different times in Biblical Literature, Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology. He was an all-round scholar, not only well read in the line of his profession, but he had made large acquirements in the fields of literature and philosophy. There were few men in this State who knew its history more accurately. His life had been contemporaneous with that of the Commonwealth. He had seen the beginning, worked at the foundations, and rejoiced in its industrial and educational development.

The deceased was a pioneer worker in the establishment of the College of California, afterward merged into the University. He was one of the Commissioners to select a site for the present Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution of California, and for some years served as a trustee of that institution. He was a steadfast friend of the public schools, and had himself seen the beginnings of the first small buildings ever erected for public schools in this city. He had the helping hand and the liberal mind. He was an indefatigable worker, frequently carrying his studies into and past the midnight hour. His wide and multifarious learning was the result of this untiring energy. He not

only knew the history of the State to the minutest particulars, but he knew the history of the world by travel, observation and wide reading. All knowledge was consecrated by him for use in his office as a religious teacher.

Dr. Benton not only had a strong and well-balanced mind; he was self-contained, patient in hard work and trial—a genial and lovable friend, and a citizen of pure and elevated character. His real strength was hardly apparent until on some great occasion he rose to its requirements, under an inspiration that made him summon all his intellectual resources. The scholar, with his wealth of wit, logic and eloquence, was then master of the situation.

Dr. Benton was a delegate last summer to the International Congress of Congregational Ministers sitting in London. He made one of the most effective addresses delivered before that body. Some years ago Yale College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He cared little for such distinctions. To him the symmetry of a well-rounded character was of far more importance. Dying at seventy-three years of age, few pioneer ministers have wrought more consistently or more effectually. He consecrated his days to the best interests of the State. He leaves a widow, without children, and the record of a pure and unselfish life.

FROM HON. E. D. SAWYER.

The eminent service Dr. Benton has rendered to the Congregational Churches and people of this State entitles his memory to be cherished and his labors to be rewarded by commemoration more lasting than fleeting words of commendable praise.

He came to this coast in the early days of our civilization as a pioneer in the cause of Christ; and he, at all times and places, preached a pure Christianity, and supplemented it with an unselfish and faultless life.

He was, by pen and speech, a supporter of every public measure that sustained the morality, virtue, integrity, and patriotism of the people; a pillar of the church and one of the founders of this Commonwealth.

As an editor of *The Pacific* he was able, clear, logical and instructive, and he never sacrificed principle for policy. He, with the good assistance of other true Christian men, made that paper the herald of truth and the banner of Congregationalism on this coast.

As a pastor he was faithful, patient and laborious, sowing the seed of the Gospel in the family and in the church, not forgetting the most humble, but ministering as an untiring servant of God to all alike from his great spiritual experience and knowledge of the unsearchable riches of the Scriptures.

Dr. Benton, after a long and useful pastorate at Sacramento, was for six delightful years the pastor of Plymouth Church, where I came to know him intimately, and to sincerely respect and love him. He stamped upon that church his own character for quiet, unobtrusive and genuine piety, that flows from the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, and strikes deep into the hearts of all true Christians.

As the first Professor of the Theological Seminary where the last years of his life were spent, he labored zealously and successfully to qualify young men for the ministry. We cannot, in his demise, say farewell, because his benign influence and Christian character are and will remain fragrant in our memories, and I hope will be the guide of our lives.

FROM J. M. HAVEN, ESQ.

My personal acquaintance with him commenced at Sacramento, in the year A. D. 1866, at the meeting of the General Association of Congregational Churches of California. We were then brought into official relations, as members of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary; and in the last twelve years, during which I have been the Treasurer, our acquaintance has been quite intimate. Professor Benton was a many-sided man; and all many-sided men impress others most in respect to those aspects of

character involved in matters of mutual interest. And so I saw less of the scholarly and more of the business side of Professor Benton. I will speak of but two of the traits of his character which impressed me.

His painstaking and self-sacrificing attention to details of needful service for the Seminary and the students was most remarkable. I can give it no other name than the MOTHERLINESS of the man. It was constant and comprehensive. On behalf of students, it involved not only a constant supervision and provision for boarding, but also a personal acquaintance with individual needs for suitable clothing, and a personal attention to the supply of such needs. On behalf of the Seminary it involved a minute attention to necessary details, as provision of fuel, and putting up stoves and repairing stove-pipes. Nothing was too insignificant to receive his personal care, if the scholars or the institution would thereby be served. His was like a mother's watchful, brooding care.

Another characteristic of Professor Benton, and which did much to make his life sunny and joyous, was his assured confidence that no good deed, however insignificant or menial, would be lost. He rejoiced to do the work of God's springtime; he expected other hands would bind the sheaves. This patient hope was the sweet poem of his life, illustrating the lines of our Quaker poet, written in the days of the conflict for freedom:

Who calls thy glorious service hard ?
 Who deems it not its own reward ?
 Who, for its trials, counts it less
 A cause of praise and thankfulness ?

It may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field ;
 Nor ours to hear, on Summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed, is done !

And so, our departed friend, although possessed of varied learning—of profound theological lore—of a wonderfully facile pen—of poetic genius, and of the insight of a mystic, found joy in the constant discharge of even menial duties, on behalf of the Seminary and those associated with it, because of his confidence in the blessing of Him who came from heaven not to be ministered unto but to minister.

FROM REV. W. H. COOKE.

Just what to say, and how to say it, on a subject like the one assigned to me at this time, is quite a problem to me, because there is so much that might be said, and then the half not be told.

None need the stimulus of true, hearty, honest friendship more than the young man trying to fit

himself for an honorable career in life through the aid of an education. To all such Dr. Benton was a friend indeed : himself enjoying the advantages derived from a solid training, and realizing what it would do for the student, he was ever ready to encourage, and hearten, and befriend those who were near to him in that relation.

And while the above is true of the majority of students, of none is it more true than of the one who has to struggle to support himself while acquiring an education. None such ever went away from the presence of our good professor without feeling that they had in him a true, staunch friend ; by word and act and look such a one was encouraged by him ; and more than once in times when such students have been almost completely discouraged and ready to give up in despair, has this student's friend stood in the breach, and helped and cheered and given new life to the needy ones, and they have gone on with renewed energy.

Numerous instances might be given of this practical helpfulness and friendship, but one must suffice.

One of the students of our Seminary sat in his room one day, wondering what next could be done to gain friends to enable him to go on with his studies, when there came a rap at the door, and on opening there stood Dr. Benton with a pleasant, kindly word. He sat for a few moments, and then said, " I

have a little piece of work that I should be glad to have you do for me this afternoon, if convenient."

"Certainly," was the reply, "we shall be glad to do it."

The work was done, taking two or three hours and a half, and the student departed to his room, glad to have had the opportunity in any way to aid the Doctor.

As the student's eye glanced on the table he espied a note, and on opening it \$10 fell out, and in substance this was written in the Doctor's well-known hand: "I knew you were close pressed for funds, and so provided the work that I might be able to *pay* you."

The writer spent several weeks in the Doctor's family while a student, and the cheer of that time has never been effaced.

Many friends have the students had, but none truer, more helpful, more cheering and loving, than Dr. Benton. I speak that whereof I know, and I believe I voice the sentiments of all the students who have come under his watch and care.

Certainly, I believe all the students will rejoice to testify that their lives are better, purer, higher, nobler than they ever could have been without the friendship of Dr. Benton, the student's true friend.

We miss him; we shall miss him, until we look into his face again on the other side.

PROF. BENTON, IN FELLOWSHIP WITH HIS BRETHREN.

FROM REV. WM. C. POND, D.D.

Bro. Benton did not, so to speak, "wear his fellowship upon his sleeve." He was not easily demonstrative. If he shook your hand with marked vigor, and a tear rose to his eye as he greeted you, it must have been because the whole man was moved by profound and almost overwhelming emotion. I remember something like this once, and but once, in all the thirty-nine years of our mutual friendship. It was when I returned from the East after my canvass for funds for our Seminary.

I remember very distinctly my first meeting with him. I was one of six recruits sent out by the American Home Missionary Society around Cape Horn. It was not a great army in itself, but *relatively* great enough at that time to nearly double our ministerial force in California. We had become accustomed those first days after landing to greetings and welcomes corresponding in warmth to this relative importance, and I suppose that I looked for quite a demonstration from the Sacramento pioneer. But the hand-grasp was of the least possible dura-

tion and the gentlest possible pressure, quite dampening the ardor with which I was prepared to answer his welcome. But I accepted the situation, and we engaged in conversation. I soon found that, whether or not he cared to be my friend, I certainly must be his.

Not long after I received an invitation to spend a Sabbath with him, and, upon the assurance of Bros. Willey and Hunt that it would involve him in no inconvenience, and would please rather than displease him, I took my young bride along. This might be regarded as a rather embarrassing invasion of a bachelor's den, but it did not embarrass him. Indeed, there was no reason why it should. He had fitted up his quarters with reference to hospitality. He had his "prophet's chamber" quite elegantly furnished, considering the newness of the times, and no model housewife could have kept her realm in neater or more perfect order than this young bachelor kept his.

I preached for him to his large congregation, and in the afternoon went with him to a little assembly of colored believers to whom he was to preach. There his great, warm heart got free expression, and I caught a glimpse of the inner man such as I might not otherwise have had in many a year. Untrammelled by manuscript, and with the personal Christ our Savior, *my* Savior, for his theme, he fed them and fed me, and drew me to him with cords of real brother-love.

Doubtless he was not demonstrative on commonplace occasions or on commonplace themes. As a speaker he was usually calm, and sometimes dry. But when the occasion called for it, who kindled to a brighter or a hotter flame than he? And so, too, in fellowship with his brethren; when occasion called, the depths of his brotherly love were stirred, and a helping word or a helping deed would follow unfailingly. If he could aid a struggling brother in some distant mining camp, no difficulties nor expense attending the journey, and no inroad it might make upon his time, seemed ever to be considered. If a brother fell into disrepute, even by his own fault, who of us stood by him so long, with a charity never-failing? Doubtless, sometimes we questioned whether in such cases Bro. Benton did not too much ignore the "severity" in emulating the "goodness" of God; but his error, if error it was, was always on the side of kindness and fellowship.

Others will dwell, I suppose, in the Memorial pamphlet, on his great share in the common work of our churches. There was plenty for him to do in the pastoral care of the important churches to which he ministered; and, as Professor in our Seminary, he might perhaps have said with Paul, "I labored more abundantly than they all"; but he *made* time to meet his brethren punctually, week by week, in our Monday Club; he *made* time to care for *The Pacific*, giving service, with no thought or prospect

of remuneration, which, if paid for at market rates, would have brought him many thousands of dollars; he made time for whatever of committee-work was thrust upon him; and it is safe to say that never in all the years that we have companied with him has a single interest pertaining to the general work suffered through his neglect.

The days have grown to weeks, the weeks to months, since his departure to the purer and completer fellowship of the saints on high. The work goes on. Some one comes in to fill the great gap which we felt that his absence would occasion. We almost find ourselves wondering how it is that we can still move on, his face unseen, his helping hand withdrawn. But it is partly because he himself, perhaps with a half-conscious presentiment that his remaining days were few, had provided against our missing him too greatly. Including his own dying gifts, our Seminary has received an increase of resources amounting to not less than \$125,000 during the last twelve months, mainly through his exertions and influence. How greatly this will aid us to fill the places which he leaves vacant, and see to it that the cause he loved received no detriment, it is easy to see. His mantle falls upon shoulders worthy to receive it, and being dead, he will speak through his successors all down the ages.

FROM MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

I am one of thousands who mourn the death of your beloved husband. During the twenty-three years I have lived in this State, I have known of his great and good work as a servant of our common Lord and Master. Great is his reward. What a blessed Sabbath he has had in the land of everlasting rest; and I believe that our beloved, gone before, are *not far away*; for the Word Divine tells us that heaven is within sight and hearing of this. When the prophet asked the Lord to open the young man's eyes, he saw the heavenly hosts.

DR. J. A. BENTON, AS VIEWED BY HIS STUDENTS.

Whatever may be said in praise of Dr. Benton by his associate professors in the seminary, by his brother ministers, or by his former parishioners, none knew him better than the students who sat under his teaching from year to year. To them he showed all the characteristics of his great nature. His diversity of gifts, his gentleness of manner, and his broad culture were all exhibited in the classroom. Public assemblies might be thrilled with his original and pithy speeches, but for the students were reserved his opinions of men and things, and often he would grow eloquent upon the theme under discussion, when his eyes flashed holy fire, and the student who had opposed his view was made to feel that he was but a pigmy in the presence of a giant. He was full of wit and humor, and never was he at a loss to know what to say. Once when two students called on him at his house, and found him in his yard, one of them rather jokingly said, "There is no rest for the wicked," when the Doctor's eye kindled, and answered, "No, nor for those who try to do anything for them." When the class of 1882 graduated from the seminary, he discoursed to them

in his inimitable way upon the "three P's," which he was pleased to call "philosophy, poetry and piety." It has seemed best to me to cull a few sentences from many letters which have been sent by the students to Mrs. Dr. Benton since his translation into the world above.

"I," writes one of the more recent graduates, "have been learning lessons from him since I left the seminary. I much need that patient and enduring spirit which I saw so much in him."—A. L. Chase, '88, Centerville, Pa.

"I could not have a higher wish," writes the wife of a deceased student, who had named her son after Dr. Benton, "than that my dear Joseph A. Benton may become as good and useful a man to his fellow-men."—Mrs. W. H. Pascoe, '79, Scotia.

"I shall never forget his kindly face and his uniform good nature. Perhaps you remember, I drew a crayon sketch of him while in Oakland. I have it on my study walls, to inspire me in my work."—R. W. Newlands, '92, Chicago Seminary.

"I admired Dr. Benton very much, and owed him a deep debt of gratitude for his unfailing kindness to me."—E. D. Hale, '88, Redlands.

"I am richer for having known him. California is better because he lived, and if we are faithful and true to those lofty suggestions he gave us continually in the class-room, his influence will be in us, and so in the world."—J. C. Robbins, '90, Lincoln.

"I cannot help but rejoice that his warfare is over, and his victory won. Blessed end of a noble life, that lives still today in the lives of all those that have graduated from the Seminary—his joy our sorrow, and his gain our loss!"—C. R. Hager, '82, Hong Kong.

"In Dr. Benton I know I had a loving friend. As a teacher he inspired me with the love of truth; so cultured, self-sacrificing, sympathetic and spiritual. I felt that he was one of the most royal of all God's children."—L. J. Garver, Marysville.

"With grief I receive the news of dear Dr. Benton's departure. While he was sick, and before I heard of it, I was being helped by my thoughts of him as I used to know him."—F. A. Field, '79, Los Angeles.

"Dr. Benton was to me a true and tried friend, counsellor, and teacher. His noble, unselfish, Christian character impressed me very much. My thoughts often wander back to the light of his Christ-like example. I cherish his memory very dearly."—John Macdonald, '87, Galt.

"The father of the Seminary, the true friend of the weak and poor students, has left us. We are left to weep and mourn our dear professor, who was to us like a teacher and much-beloved father."—D. F. Watkins, '72, City of Mexico.

To which may fitly be added the words of Mrs. Watkins, who had abundant opportunity to know what she writes :

"I know that the death of our beloved Dr. Benton was, like his life, grand and peaceful. You will miss the dear beautiful presence, the strong yet always tender thought and care, and the judgment so wise and clear and far-reaching.

"We rejoice that it has been our privilege to know one so good and kind and true."—Geo. H. Smith, '76, St. Charles, Ill.

"Dr. Benton was an honor to his race, a glory to the church, a treasure to the seminary of his care and love, and a blessing to the students, who listened to his words of wisdom."—R. H. Sink, '83, Stockton.

"Somehow, I cannot think of the Seminary without Dr. Benton. He seemed always so essentially a part of it. * * * He was always in some sense a great light in my system, because he diffused some rays into every corner. He was a bright student who could ask a question and get no light from Dr. Benton. * * * The calm, strong, faithful man."—W. C. Merrill, '89, San Diego.

"He has been granted many years of service, but his work is just begun, and will go on as long as there are men going out from the Seminary which he founded, and as long as every other institution for good goes on in this State with whose founding he had been connected."—L. P. Armstrong, '89, Oleander.

“He was a man of peculiarly unostentatious habits, and none knew him better than I—how steady and hard a worker. He had a certain diffidence of manner, and a certain dryness and quaintness in form of thought and expression that were entirely his own. He was a man of large Christian mold of thought. * * * He had a large heart. * * * I think I see him in that broken term at the Wm. Shew’s Building, Montgomery street. How patiently he toiled alone with us! ‘Take your time; we will lay one brick on top of the other, and bye-and-bye the building will be finished,’ he said to me several times, when anxious to crowd on. I think I never felt any real affection for any man but my dear, good friend. I loved him for what he was and had been to me. No man ever held the same relation to me as Dr. Joseph A. Benton”—G. F. G. Morgan, ’72.

During the last days of Dr. Benton’s illness he received a few letters from his former students, each expressing the high esteem in which he was held. These testimonials of affection and love would, no doubt, have been many more, if the students had known earlier of his severe illness. I will again permit each to speak for himself.

“Our beloved teacher and true friend, so good and mindful of us! I owe a great deal under God to Dr. Benton, and I can hardly bear the thought that my teacher and friend cannot be spared to us some years longer.”

"I have often thought how kind you were to us in the Seminary, how gentle and encouraging, how lenient, how like the early Pioneers in their best traits of character, with none of their faults!"—Philip Coombe, '81, Ferndale.

"A word or two of sympathy from a young man who loves you deeply, who feels that he never can repay you for all that you have done for him, and who can never, no never, forget you, may be acceptable to you. You know far better than I can tell you that you have the sympathy, the love, and the prayers of all the young men that have passed out across the threshold of the dear old Seminary. You know that as long as memory lasts we shall think of you with gratitude, and shall bless God that we ever had so great a scholar, so noble a man, so kind a heart, and so true a Christian to teach, to mold, and guide us. And now that you are laid aside upon the bed of sickness and suffering, in spirit if not in person we would all come and stand beside you, to tell how deeply we love and thank you for many a word of sympathy and cheer that you have given to us."—Howard Mudie, '91, Soquel.

A letter of sympathy from the Church in Niles says :

"Recognizing, as we do, many of us personally, more by reputation, the manly Christianity and high nobility of character which crowned the life of Dr. Benton, and made him a blessing wherever he came, we feel that we have lost a dear friend, whose influ-

ence both directly and indirectly, through his close friendship with our pastor, has been a Godsend during the struggling years of our little church's life. Were all men to walk as uprightly and conscientiously, what a heaven this earth would be."—F. H. Maar, '90, Niles.

Only a lifeless form,
We see before our eyes ;
But Christ has set his star
Forever in the skies.

Our loss his brightest gain,
Our grief his peaceful sleep,
From which none ever wake
To grieve, or mourn, or weep,

Farewell, thou man of God !
From Jesus' blessed arms
We would not call thee back
To tread life's fitful storms.

In yonder sphere of light,
Amid the ransomed throng,
We see thee now by faith,
And hear thy glad, new song.

Not dead, but gone before,
To wait our coming there ;
With harp and crown of gold,
A spirit bright and fair.

"Reviewing such an exalted career, we may well use the words of the inspired seer on the isle of Patmos: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"—C. R. Hager.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

TRUSTEES OF THE SEMINARY.

The following action, reported to the Board of Trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary by Drs. Willey and McLean, committee appointed for this purpose, was unanimously adopted at a meeting held on Monday, May 8, 1892:

“Since it has seemed best to our Heavenly Father to remove from this earthly life our most valued associate and brother, the Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., we desire to put on record our deep sense of personal as well as official loss.

“Dr. Benton was one of the first to propose the founding of the Seminary. He was one of the first to become a member of its Board of Trustees. He was the very first to occupy the position of Professor, to teach in the institution, and he continued in office for twenty-three years, and until his death.

“*Resolved*, That we hold in grateful and affectionate remembrance his painstaking and untiring services as member of this Board, promptly and regularly attending its meetings, patiently and thoroughly studying its business, and making its details a matter of his personal care.

“Resolved, That in counsel he was eminently wise, judicious, and practical, and, although prudent, was always courageous.

“Resolved, That in leaving, as he did, so large a portion of his property to the Seminary, consisting of a tract of between seven and eight acres of valuable land in a very choice location in Berkeley, and also his library, he has given his final and most emphatic testimony to his sense of the importance of the institution to the success of the gospel in this country and the world.

“Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Benton in her bereavement, and to the members of the sorrowing family.”

A true copy of the records.

Attest: WM. C. POND, Sec'y.

ALUMNI OF THE SEMINARY.

The following resolutions were passed by the Alumni of the Pacific Theological Seminary, in commemoration of Dr. J. A. Benton :

“WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Father to remove by death our beloved Professor and faithful friend, Dr. J. A. Benton ; therefore,

“Resolved, That in his decease the Pacific Theological Seminary has sustained a severe loss ; the Faculty, a man of broad culture ; the students, an earnest counsellor ; and the Churches, a devoted minister of the gospel.

“*Resolved*, That the success of the Seminary in the past has been chiefly due to his untiring efforts, holy zeal and self-denying labors.

“*Resolved*, That as Alumni of the Seminary we owe him a debt of lasting gratitude for his fatherly interest in our religious and personal welfare.

“*Resolved*, That his life and example will ever be an inspiration to us in the work to which God has called us.

“*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves as Alumni to continue and foster the work from which he has been called away by our prayers, counsel and material aid.

“*Resolved*, That we sympathize most deeply with his beloved wife, Mrs. F. S. Benton, and his mother Mrs. A. Sargent, in this hour of sore affliction, praying that God may heal their wounded hearts and cheer their spirits, in view of what he has wrought through our venerable and respected teacher. Especially would we here express our thanks to these surviving friends, who have been to us as mothers as he a father.

“*Resolved*, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent to Mrs. F. S. Benton, Mrs. A. Sargent, and to *The Pacific*.

“C. R. HAGER.

“J. B. EDDIE.

“W. H. COOKE.

“Oakland, Pacific Theological Seminary,

April 26, 1892.”

THE BERKELEY CLUB.

The following recommendation of a committee of the Berkeley Club was adopted May 4, 1892.

The committee appointed to prepare a notice of the Reverend Dr. J. A. Benton, deceased, recommend the insertion in the Minutes of the following tribute to his memory :

“Dr. Joseph Augustine Benton having been removed from us by death, the members of the Berkeley Club desire to put on record their estimate of his worth, and their sense of the great loss sustained by the Club. He helped to organize the Club, which owes its name to his suggestion, in February, 1873. Since his decease but seven charter members out of fifteen remain in present membership; six have been removed by death.

“Dr. Benton has been one of the most faithful and valuable members of this Club; punctual in attendance, courteous in demeanor, affable in the social hour, stimulating and instructive in his formal contributions to the work of the evening, interesting in his criticisms on the papers of others. No one brought to the common stock a more varied store of well-assorted ideas; no one was more clear and discriminating in the discussion of cardinal points. For readiness of resource, directness of thought, manliness of conviction, calmness of temper, toler-

ance of adverse opinions, a high Christian ideal, a sturdy and cheerful optimism, he was quite unsurpassed. We respected and loved him while he was with us; now that he is gone, we revere his virtues, we recall with admiration his conspicuous and solid abilities, his well-rounded and noble character, his tender and generous heart, his sincere devotion to truth.

“To the widow and the near friends of our departed comrade we offer our heartfelt sympathy: and the Secretary is hereby directed to transmit to them this expression of the loss which we have sustained, and of the value of the companionship which Dr. Benton has bequeathed to us as a sacred and delightful memory.”

“In behalf of the Club.

“MARTIN KELLOGG,

„WM. C. BARTLETT,

“GEO. MOOR,

“Committee.”

THE BAY ASSOCIATION.

Since our last meeting the Heavenly Father has called our revered and beloved brother, Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., from toil, and weariness, and pain, to the blissful rewards of heaven.

As members of the Bay Association of Congrega-

tional Ministers, therefore, we tender to the family of Dr. Benton our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial. In their behalf we ask that the God whom he served may so multiply His comforts that, through faith, they may share in the gladness of that life whose fullness he is tasting.

As his fellow-laborers, we also gratefully recall what he has been to this Association—his service in its organization, his punctual attendance at its meetings, his varied and valuable contributions on subjects relating to ministerial culture, his judicious counsel, and the stimulus of his strong and hopeful Christian spirit. We bear affectionate testimony to the support and encouragement received from him by our churches; to some of which he was a father, to all a ready and efficient helper.

Our Theological Seminary we look upon as in no slight degree his monument. With it he was identified from the beginning; to it all the equipment of his riper years was given without stint. He was its oldest professor. He cared for it with parental love, and throughout its eventful history, at every point, his guiding, strengthening touch has been felt. Its survival, at critical periods, and its present hopeful outlook, alike bear witness to his unselfish devotion.

To the preachers and pastors who have felt his moulding hand, especially, there are woven into these memorial words visions of the faithful, pains-

taking teacher, who was more than all a friend, and whose life was a constant witness for his doctrine. To these pupils he imparted much of his own spirit and methods of work, and through them he, being dead, will long continue to speak, and to affect the life of these communities.

We thank God for this life; for its long and honorable career, for its Christlike toil and sacrifice, for the serene triumph which marked his passage into the larger and more blessed state of heaven, and for the permanence of his ministry of good in the world. We pray for a like faith and patience in all the members of this Association; and for the blessing of God upon those sacred causes to which his life was consecrated, the prosperity of which is his joy and crown.

JAS. B. EDDIE,
E. C. OAKLEY,
LOYAL L. WIRT,
Committee.







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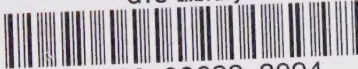
Joseph Augustine
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